THE MAKERS OF "PUNCH."

LEMON, LEECH, AND THEIR COADJUTORS. PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR TO "THE LONDON CHARIVARL"

To the Editor of The Tribune. SIR: When in London I met several of the Punch artists, among them the immortal John Leech, prince of them all. Kenny Meadows, and Charles Keene. Richard Doyle only gave me an interview Vicariously through his representative, a slatternly old Irish domestic. I never elsewhere saw the characteristics, or at least one characteristic, of the English and Irish races so markedly illustrated as it was in the abodes of John Leech and Richard Doyle. The door of Leech's house in Bedford Square was opened wide by a natty little servant girl, just like one of his own pictures. The hall or entry was as neat as a new paint box, with numerons door-mats placed here and there where they would do most good. I was shown into a parlor which was a picture in itself, a poesy grateful to four of the five senses : sight, for it was beautiful; smell, for its sweet freshness and fragrant flowers; touch, for its velvet carpet and numerous fleecy mats; and hearing, for its negative virtues of copies of his own sketches in Punch, stood on the mantlepiece, which was also adorned with statuettes and porcelain vases. Everything in the room betokened good taste and refinement.

Contrast this with the menage of Richard Doyle. He lived in a fine house in Oxford Terrace. When I called the door was half opened by a slatternly, bewildered old woman, who seemed to look on me with suspicion, and answered me with hesitation that her master was not in. She looked askance at the card I handed her, and inquired "Wat will I be doin' wid this bit av a ticket?" I told her its purpose, and she closed the door abruptly. From the glimpse I caught of the entry and stairs, I saw that the house was unkempt, dirty, dusty and stale.

Doyle was not at that time connected with Punch, having left it several years before, sacrificing a handsome income and a congenial pursuit rather than continue his connection with a paper which satirized his (the Roman Catholic) religion. So if he did not possess the second-class virtue of cleanliness, he could claim the first-class one (according to his convictions) of godliness. After he left Punch he devoted himself chiefly to painting church decorations and pictures on religious sub-

JOHN LEFCH IN HIS WORKSHOP.

But to return to John Leech. After I had waited a few minutes the artist himself entered and conducted me into his workshop or studio. In this room nothing was visible save a desk, on which lay one block of boxwood, a pencil and a piece of paper; and, covering two sides of the room, rows of large mahogany closets or bookcases, whose dark panelied doors gave no hint of their contents. There was not a print, nor sketch, nor cast, nor any artist's tool to be seen, save the solitary block, pencil and scrap of paper. He seemed much interested in hearing of the

United States, and pleased to learn that his fame was so widespread in this country. He had seen several reproductions of his own works in American journals, and was puzzled to know how it was done. "They seem," he said, speaking of his pictures, "to be first very badly photographed, and then very badly engraved, and so to have lost all their character and vitality." This was many wears ago, during the early period of the art of illustrating in this country, when the English wood engravings were looked upon as supreme models to be imitated afar off but never equalled, and when publishers and experts would have written one down an ass had he hinted that in twenty years we should, as we actually do now, excel all the world in the art of book and magazine illustration.

When I told Leech that I had been a disciple of his ever since I was a boy, he replied, rather sadly, that " he was afraid he had begun too early in life." When I made some inquiries as to the business arrangements on Punch, their usual rates of remuneration, etc., he became as reticent as a surcophagus, refusing absolutely to give me any hint or Information whatever. He said that Bradbury & Evans had always treated him with the greatest liberality, but he knew nothing further. He told me that he rarely or never sketched directly from nature, but observed forms and characters and carried them home in his eye. He added that this might not be the best way to secure accuracy of drawing and detail, but he found it best for himself in obtaining the general effect, the action, character and expression in his subjects. He was somewhat languid, or rather exhausted, in his manner, with a touch of melancholy, and was evidently of surprised to hear, a few days later, that the cause of his death was breast-pang, superinduced by the grinding of hand-organs and the filing of carpenters' saws. He told me of his meeting the Duke of Satherland while out shooting in Scotland, when that nobleman, good-humoredly, asked him why he had so terociously satirized him a tew years previously in Punch, when he had turned a large part f his estate into a sheep-walk, and ejected many of his tenants. A Duke is a Duke in Great Britain. Leech could not stand the pressure, and so recanted, saying: "A young man often does things in this life which his maturer judgment leads him deeply to regret." After that he dined with the Duke and had the run of the moors. I asked him whether his social caricatures were taken from real incidents, or evolved from the depths of his own spiritual consciousness." He replied that they were generally facts, or founded on fact. Sometimes the germ was very small and sometimes very complex, and he found it a greater mental strain than most people would believe to build up the one or boil down the other so that the point would be immediately apparent in his picture.

THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH." He spoke of Mark Lemon, the Editor of Punch, who he said often put things in the paper which he himself would have excluded, "Too often," he said, "it is the custom to select unsuccessful men, as editors, to pass judgment on and revise the work of successful ones. That, however, is not exactly the case with Mark Lemon, for though he has never made a mark with any of his own productions he is undonbtedly a most admirable editor, though I do not always agree with him. Perhaps after all this editing requires a special faculty, and I might make a very poor one if put to the test.'

He gave me a personal letter of introduction to Mark Lemon, whom I had never yet met, though I had been one of his contributors for some months. Indeed, I believe this gentleman was more maccessible than the Prince of Wales. I sent the letter, and received one in reply, appointing a day and

hour for an interview.

At the stated time I was shown into a small, rather handsome room, very nicely furnished. In bustled a corpulent gentleman of markedly Jewish countenance, who, after greeting me most cordially, overwhelmed me with profuse apologies for having been compelled to show me into so small a room, the reason for which, he explained, was that hissanctum proper was undergoing repairs. This struck me as a rather silly piece of affectation, as the room was a very nice one and certainly good enough to talk siness in. Our conversation was chiefly on busimess, he like most of his race being more interested in making money than anything else. He had several big schemes on hand. He was director in one company, chairman of another, and soon. He had a new process of engraving, something like our photo-engraving, which he was anxious to intro-duce in this country. He had also some grand scheme about some great work, on the United States I fancy, which he wished I should undertake, but he was very mysterious concerning it and would reveal nothing till he had consulted his publishers, when he promised to divulge the awful mystery to me. I did not wait, but returned to the United States. I had submitted to him several aketches on the then impending war of the rebellion, illustrating the Northern view of the case, of which

he said:

"Well, you see, in the United States they seem to attach so much more importance to what we publish than we do ourselves that we shall remain the said of the said o feetly neutral, doing nothing whatever on the

subsequent neutrality of Punch was a touchng illustration of fraternal consideration. Some ther sketches I handed him, illustrating some points in the administration of justice here, which with is would be looked upon as too usual and common-

place to be either satirical or funny, caused him to look at me askance out of the corner of his eyes, as though he thought I was not an "honest injun."

Well, you know-aw-we shall bave-aw-you

And he remarked:

"Well, you know—aw—we shall bave—aw—you know, to trust entirely to your honor in these things, you know, as we have no means or knowledge of our own—aw—to—aw—yor understand."

I assured him that I had not, in those sketches, even taken the license of the caricaturist; that they were not even exaggerations.

"Well,—aw." he said "I do not think I could venture to use these. The fact, you know, is—aw—that our people are not prepared to believe in such a state of society."

As far as business was concerned I found him very frank and fair. He fixed my position on the paper, and I did not see him again, save once or twice driving about the city in a Hansom cab, which by the way was a great weakness of his, so much so that Lemon and his Hansom cab was a by-werd and a joke among his friends. They used to say that he was obliged to take a policeman about with him to compel the cabmen to drive him, which they generally refused to do except under compulsion, unless he agreed to pay special rafes by the ton. One day, walking with Blanchard Jerrold, we came across a Hansom cab which had broken down in the street. "Hollo!" he exclaimed, "Mark Lemon's been here, I see." In reality I believe he was a perfect boon to the cab-stands, and the men used to fight for him.

CHARLES KEENE AND KENNY MEADOWS.

CHARLES KEENE AND KENNY MEADOWS. I was introduced to Charles Keene, one of Leech's colleagues on Punch. I found his studio with one or two others in a kind of better-class shanty which ran along one side of a yard paved with cobbie stones, which you entered by a small door in a large dour, like the porte cochéres in French houses. His studio was a workshop pure and simple. There was no attempt at style, elegance or ornamentation. It was cluttered up with easels, drawing boards, portfolios, sketches, casts, and all other kinds of artists' tools. The walls were kalsomined a streaky bluish gray, and there was a large skylight in the roof. It was very quiet and retired, and a capital place to work in, as he could bring in any kind of a model, from a tramp to a donkey, without trouble or notice. It was just the reverse of Leech's neatly ordered place, as was also his method of working. He told me that he always had living models and posed them for his Punch sketches just as ne would do for a painting. He said he would rather paint pictures than draw illustrations, even if he did not make one-half the amount of money by it. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Leech, whom he considered the greatest caricaturist the world had ever seen.

" He is Charles Dickens with the pencil, and quite his peer in genius; and what is more, if he chose to write, and were to devote his time to it, I believe he

his peer in genius; and what is more, if he chose to write, and were to devote his time to it, I believe he would stand second to none as a writer. Why, just look at his few lines of writing under his sketches, the inscription, or caption, or whatever you choose to call them. With what skill they are written! They are not dashed off as many foolish people imagine, but require a great deal of time and thinking to get them right, as I know to my sorrow."

Keene was a tall, handsome, gentlemanlike young man, dressing handsomely and in admirable taste. He was what they call in England "quite a swell" in the best sense of the word.

Kenny Meadows, who illustrated Knight's Shakespeare, and who made the design for the first cover of Punch, and contributed many other designs of rare fancy to its pages. I often met in London, when I was a youth and he a grizzled gray man of mature years. When I told him that I had a fancy to follow his calling, he tried to dissuade me from it, as being a career where there was a greas deal of hard work and very little profit. It had its pleasures, he admitted, "but, after all," he said, "there is no pleasure that washes and keeps its color as a steady thing like plenty of bread and butter, and the butter pretty thick. I assure you that after a time there is not much fun in fighting wolves from the door with one of Windsor & Newton's four H pencils. There is no other metal which does not make a better weapon to fight the battle of life. The steel of the sargeon, the butcher and the carpenter, the lead and iron of the soldier, the pewter of the publican—brass, tin. nicsel, everyone is better, but above all gold, gold; that is the stuff to drive away wolves—lions, tigers, snakes and human duns."

New-York, July 18, 1883.

OSCAR WILDE AND A CHICAGO SCULPTOR.

Chicago can hardly yet be called a nursery for the fine arts, and when a young man there develops any considerable artistic talent, if he is possessed of corresponding ambition, he does not rest content until by hook or by crock, by borrowing or hearding, he has accumulated sufficient money to enable him to take

a course of study abroad.

When Oscar Wilde last lectured in Chicago a you man of this character named Donohue was living there. He had a strong bent for sculpture, and his artistic talent was backed up by shrewdness and common sense. He had previously managed to study for a brief period in Paris, and a specimen of his workmanship had been admitted to the Salon. Then his funds gave out and he had to return precipitately to Chicago. He opened a studio there, but met with little recognition or encouragement. The debit and credit ends of his accounts ould not be made to meet by a very wide margin. His fortunes were at a low ebb, and he was seriously thinking of adopting some more remunerative with a touch of melancholy, and was evidently of a highly nervous organization. So I was not much ing dry-goods clerk, when Oscar Wilde arrived in the one of his lectures and then called upon him. He invited Oscar to visit his studio and pass judgment upon his work. The asthete felt flattered at the compliment to his critical acumen. He pronounced the specimen he saw excellent. Denohue then told him his story. Oscar Wilde at his next lecture upbraided the people of Chicago for their lack of appreciation of home talent. He said there was living among them a young man who had in him the ability to become a sculptor of such re-nown that his fame would shed a justre on his native city, but who was likely to fail far short of achieving his best because of the scant encouragement and inadequat opportunities for study afforded him, and much more to

the same effect. This naturally led to inquiries as to who this budding genius could be who had heretofore remained comparatively unknown. It gradually leaked out that Do was the man. Donohue was sharp enough to see his op-portunity. He was naturally of a jovial and sociable emperament and had no sympathy with the affectation of seatherticism, but he perceived that in order to win his point he must "dissemble." He med him to a tailor and had made a suit of clothes of fautastic cut, including a pair of trousers of the tightest possible fit. He banged his hair. He contorted his features into an expresson of woebegone melancholy. His brow was corrugated as though with the intensity of his aspirations for the ideal. He attitudinized in public places and got himself talked about. He succeeded all the better because he had a fine figure and was good looking. "Who is that idiot!" was frequently asked by curious observers; and the number daily increased of those who were able to answer: "That is the gentus who was discovered by Osca swer: "That is the genius who was discovered by Oscar Wide." And so it befell that he attracted the attention of a rich merchant in Chicago, who made Donohue's acquaintance, became convinced that the opportunity was a good one for the investment of a small portion of his superfluous wealth, and offered to pay Donohue \$1,500 a year for five years, during which period he was to study sculpture in Europe, only stipulating that in return he should receive the best piece of work that the young artist might produce in the interim. Donohue engerly accepted the proposition and is now in Paris, where it is needless to say his features have assumed their wonted expression of careless good humor, and the garb which expression of careless good humor, and the garb whee once wore as the insignla of blighted gentus has brelegated to the most obscure corner of his warder. But Oscar Wilde and Donohue remain good friends.

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS ON A STAGE.

A DRIVER WHO HAS NEVER HAD AN ACCIDENT "I tell you, cap'n, things is growin' right tvely down on Long Island. I went down to Coney Island one day this week on a little trip and I never see garden truck goin' ahead like it is now. The grain is boomin', too, the grass can't hardly keep up with itself, and some of the corn has clim' up onto the fence just to see itself grow, for a fact."

The speaker was not a farmer on his way to a county "fair," as one might have inferred from his conversation, but the driver of a Broadway 'bus. The sole witness to his agricultural enthusiasm was a TRIBUNE

reporter enjoying five cents' worth of breeze. "You haven't been in the city long ?" was the diplo matic question put to encourage the supposed raw recruit in metropolitan Jehuism. "Haint, ch?" and the driver chuckled to himself with

the infinite amusement of a man who has an internal nonopoly of a remarkably funny thing.
"Haint, chi" he repeated. "Why, young feller, I was drivin' here before you was a yearlin'. I've been atop of a stage in this city goin' on

thirty-four year, and I've drove for this one company "Stage driving is pretty healthy business." hazarded

the reporter in the absence of any more brilliant sug-"You're right, there. When I come down here from

Northern New-York, I was all broke up and had hardly seen a well day in ten year. Since then I braced right up and have only been knocked out by sickness but two or three times. I had a little tetch of the old difficulty the other day and that's how I happened to take in Coney Island. I never see crops just gettin' up on end and humpin' themselves as they are down there," he added, recurring with evident pleasure to the phenomenal day's

outing that had vividity recalled experiences that a third of a century on a Broadway 'ous had not obliterated.

"You've been with your company so long now I suppose they let you do about as you please I "was asked.

"Not any. Some tresh young feller that haint been drivin' ax mosths has a better anow than I do. I have never killed a here, never smashed any property, never get a dolfar's damage onto the company, and never killed or kneeked down a man, woman or kid. But if I'm sick and have to lay off half a day they dock me like a green hand. It's the feller tout kills somebody every six months that the company takes pride is. Sometimes I get riled and then I talk right up to them. The other day I was riled and I says to the bass: 'I never killed nor harr a soul, and I never cost you a cent's damage, I keep sober and joe along and never skip my work year in and year out. When I want my salary raised I'm Jest gom' to kill somebody and get a \$10,000 sits on you, and get wrote up in the papers. Then you'll begin to think somethin' of me and give the old man a show."

NOT ANXIOUS ABOUT BECKWITH.

HOW THE BABBIETS LOOK ON THE LOSS OF A QUAR -

TER MILLION. Charles R. Beckwith, a bookkeeper in the employ of B. T. Babbitt, the soap manufacturer, disap-peared from his customary haunts ten years ago with \$250,000 which belonged to his employer. The embezzlement attracted much attention throughout the country, but was it long before a clew could be obtained to Beckwith's movements. Finally, by adding a substantial reward to the promptings of duty in the work of the police, Mr. Babbitt had the satisfaction of securing the arrest of the thief. Beckwith was tried and sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment. Mr. Babbitt did not succeed in recovering any of the money that had been stelen, Beckwith refusing to give any information about it. The police authorities believed that he had invested the \$250,000 in bonds and had placed them in the keeping of an accomplice in England. It was rumored that when Beckwith's term of imprisonment expired Mr. Babbitt intended to begin new proceedings against him and that he had obtained a judgment in a civil suit for \$250,000. Beckwith was discharged from prison recently and it is supposed that he went to Can-

A TRIBUNE reporter called upon Mr. Babbitt a day or two ago and was shown into an inclosure separated from the main office of the factory by; a slight walnut railing. Inside the railing were the millionnaire soap manufacturer and his wife. Mr. Babbitt is tall and thin, with a slight stoop and a slow, uncertain gait. He appears to be about seventy years of age, and his long white hair falls below his coat collar. His face is one to attract attention. He has a prominent nose and chin, clear gray eyes that often have a twinkle of humor in them; broad but low torchead and sunken cheeks. His features are covered with a tangled network of wrinkles. He is acruptiously neat in his attra and the immaculate whiteness of his linen is made more conspicuous by the glossy newness of his black broadcloth and the varnish of his patenticather boots. He invariably wears a "swallow-tailed" coat. His business hours are early. He is always at his office between 7 and 11 o'clock in the morning—and so is his wife, a lady of great energy and marked business talents. She is slight in sature. Eyes while at business sie wears big diamonds in her cars and at her neck she has two lockets on which glitters the Babbitt monogram in diamonds. low his coat collar. His face is one to attract attention.

diamonds. Mr. Babbitt declined to talk about the Beckwith affair, Mr. Babbitt declined to talk about the Beckwith affair, but Mrs. Babbitt conversed with the reporter fully an hour and succeeded in telling him that she knew nothing about Beckwith. They both seemed to regard the loss of a quarter of a million of dollars as of little importance. Mr. Babbitt's business was so extensive at the time of the embezziement that although he was losing \$75,000 a year through his employe's dishonesty, he did not notice anything wrong and only discovered the taefa hy accident. In the conversation Mrs. Babbitt seemed desirous of impressing the reporter with the idea that Mr. Babbitt regarded toe loss of \$250,000 as a mere mishap which was not of sufficient moment to grieve over. See He was not in Mr. Babbitt's employ for three years pre-vious to his arrest and since then we have not followed his life in any way. A statement has been made that the Governor, acceding to the request of Beckwith's friends, had pardoned him. That, I am confident, is false. He served ten years in Sing Sing and he was al-lowed a commutation of his term of imprisonment be-cause of his good behavior. The same privitee is al-lowed every convict. We do not know where Beckwith is at present, and we do not care to know."

THE FLUTTERING FAN.

WHERE IT COMES FROM, HOW IT IS MADE AND WHAT IT COSTS.

Stimulated by the midsummer heat, TRIBUNE reporter started out recently on a tour of inquiry in regard to the sources from which New-York draws the immense number of fans sold here. He first conversed with an extensive importer of Japanese fans, who said in answer to his inquiries :

"For more than a thousand years fan-making has been a principal industry of Japan. Lying parily in warm latitudes (its extremes being 31° and 55°), that country has naturally felt the need of fans. In this branch of manufacture about 100,000 persons are engaged out of a population of 1,500,000 in the three fan-districts of Osaka, Kloto and Nagoya. Millions of fans are made every year, a good share of which have within the last five years been imported into this country and scattered proadenst-the Japanese fans combining lightness with artistic workmanship and, in the ordinary grades, cheap prices. Their cheapness in price is due largely to the ow cost of living in Japan, a few cents a day being sufficient for the native worker. The artistic workmanship is due to natural talent cultivated through many generations; while the lightness of the fans comes from the fact that most of the lan-sticks are made out of bam boo, indigenous to the country and growing over all of its extent.

"There are many varieties in bamboo, differing in brown spotted with black; sometimes it is colored artificially a maroon or a black. Frequently, also, the tick is lacquered—an art in which the Japaneso are yet nurivalied, and the lacquer is in turn sprinkled with figures in relief, made out of lacquer mixed with the dust of copper, brass, silver or gold. Other materials used for the fan-sticks are bone, ivory and wood. The ivory is sometimes carved and iniald with mother-ofpearl, gold and silver. The wood used for sticks is about, mahogany and chestnet, and is generally acquered.

"The 'tops' of a Japanese fan are made of paper. parchment, cotton and silk. The paper is the fibre obtained from boiling down the bark of the paper-tree, to the cultivation of which whole districts are devoted. Mulberry bark is also used for the same purpose, though it is much more expensive. The Japanese so-called parchment comes from a rare tree and is favored because of its strength. These 'tops' are ornamented with pictures, which in the cheaper grades are, of course, printed, and in the more expensive fans are hand-painted. The coloring in the lower grades is vivid; in the more expensive it is invariably subdued. For the trade in this country, however, particularly for the Western trade, bright colors are more often found among the expensive fans. The prices vary largely with the 'tops,' slik costing twice as much as any other material. But, in general, fans with bamboo-sideks run from 1 cent to \$2; honestick fans cost from 10 cents to \$5; wood-stick fans, from \$1 to \$25, and those of vory-sticks begin at \$5 and run as high as \$125. Mourning-fans, with the tons of it is much more expensive. The Japanese so-called stick fans cost from 10 cents to \$5; wood-stick fans, from \$1 to \$25, and those of very-sticks begin at \$5 and run as high as \$125. Mourning-fans, with the tops of either paper or slik, cost from 25 cents to \$10. The Japanese paimleaf, or, as it is sometimes called, the 'caurch fan,' is still popular. It is soid as low as 3 or 4 cents."

Then the reporter turned his steps to Tiffany's, where he obtained these rays of light on the subject of fans imported from Europe:

he obtained these rays of light on the subject of fans imported from Europe:

"Most of the dress-fans come from France, though the Vienness dress fan has of late found favor here. The French fans in the cleaper gaudos (25 couts to \$15) were for a time pressed out of the market by the Japanese fans, but they are now rapidly recovering their former favor. The sticks of these are usually of wood or bone, and the tops of cretonne, slik or satin. The French dress-fans have their sticks made of stiell, mother-of-pearl, or ivory; the tops are either of slik, ostrich feathers or lace, sometimes satin and kid. The shell-stick fans have usually no painting on their tops, and cost feathers or lace, sometimes satin and kid. The shell-stick fans have usually no painting on their tops, and cost from \$20 to \$25. The lace-fans usually have sticks of mother-of-pearl, and cost from \$50 to \$250. The ivory-sticks are seldom combined with lace tops, slik being preferred; these cost about \$25. The fans of ostrich feathers begin at shout \$45, an especially attractive arrangement being a number of broad teathers covered with smaller ones. In the decoration of the slik topped fans, Albert, of Paris, has won an especial reputation. Another fan used is one of slik, top embroidered. With a stick of tvory, these cost about \$30; with one of bene, from \$12 or \$15 upward. The mourning-fan most popular is a combination of black slik with ebonized wood or dark shell.

the cheaper grades of Vienna fans, ranging from 50 cents to \$10, two peculiarities are noted, namely, teather sticks, and the inlaying of the figures in sik tops. This latter effect is produced by having two layers

tops. This latter effect is produced by having two layers of silk, the lower one stamped with its fligure, just above which the upper layer will be cut out."

A manufacturer of American lans said: "As yet, American fans are confined for the most part to the cheaper grades. The sticks in these fans are made of wood only, the tops being muslin, cretonne, silk or satin. One kind of American lan, however, is very popular—the 'extension fan,' with a stick of plush or leather. Of tals fan more are sold than of any one kind produced, a large number being exported to England."

REVIVING THE WILTED COLLAR "Fromtwelve to fifteen hundred dozen is the

number of cuffs and collars we do up in a day," said the en-"You see those eight macaines driving away over there? Some are ironing the collar out flat, one is tipping them, another curling the stand-up collar, antipping them, another curling the stand-up collar, another creasing the turn-down collars, still another folding them. And that isn't all of this business, by a large majority. It has to be systematized just as any other business. I can tell you. Back in there and up stairs we have a dozen boys marking the soiled articles as they come in, thurty men are doing nothing all day but starch them, six women are washing them, some are watching the drying, others are packing and others delivering them to the houses and our dozen or so agencies in furnishing-stores, and so on, till our pay-roll toots up cirching them. Old business; Only three years, though of course the 'Troy Laundry' business, after which, with improvements, this is patterned, is considerably older. course the 'troy Landary' business, after which, with improvements, this is patterned, is considerably older. Increase of business in hot weather? No, the absentees from the city in summer keep the average, about the same the year round. How long does it take to have the goods ready for delivery? Forty-sight nours is our rule."

LOUNGING NORTHWARD.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS AND CANADA. INCIDENTS, IMPRESSIONS AND GOSSIP.

White Mountain travel is somewhat late but

steady. The season there runs into October and in September is stronger than in July, owing to the hay

fever contingent and the warmer scenery, that keeps the artists and those of sentiments. Three profitable houses of the first class are the Profile, Glen, and Crawford; other large, high-priced hotels there are of vari-The Barrons have four houses in the able fortunes. mountains, of which the Crawford, kept by an associate partner, is the favorite. He is said to keep the most satisfactory house with the least relative help and ex-pense; hence Frank Jones, proprietor of the Wentworth House, near Portsmouth by the sea, is said to have offered the master of the Crawford \$25,000 for five years and accommodations for his family, to keep the former house, which was declined. The Glen Ho monopolizing the eastern side of Mount Washington, has a very large livery business and is said to keep 150 horses. The Profile House in the Franconia Notch, as General Rufus Ingalis said to me last Sunday there, is the "best mountain house in the world, I suppose."
Its founder, who died last year, left a large fortune; his widow is said to have been the creator of the reputation of the house by her excellent management of details. The livery business of this house to the Flume House, five miles distant, which is the property of the Profile firm, is thought to be worth ten to fifteen thousand dollars a year, and the Profile nets forty thousand dollars a year. Its half proprietor was taken as a boy by the founder and for loving services given his part of the business. Oscar Barron will probably have Wilhard's Hotel, Washington, hereafter. From the Profile House dairy and farm came Mr. Goodenow, proprietor of one of the larger family hotels near Franconta, whose associate, Mr Peckett, is the son of a Brooklyn lawyer. Here I saw last week the surviving brother of the poet Longfellow, the artists Smillie and Ferguson, and several Yale and other professors. A cousin of Samuel Bowles, who is a retired dentist, owns part of the Sunset Hill House near Goodenow's, where I saw the Protestant Bishop of Massachusetts and Mr. George Schermerborn's family, of New-York. The Forest Hill House, the newest in the Franconia region, charges for rooms, irrespective of the number in them, and table per head. The large Maplewood Hotel at Bethlehem, which place is the Richfield Springs of the White Mountains, is owned by a wealthy amateur proprietor and is the fourth fine house in the mountain region. Fabyan's is the travellers' exchange toward Mount Washington. Littleton is the business mart of the mountains. A hight express from New-York to Littleton is much requested, particularly for Saturdays and Sundays, as it would save two business days for husbands and fathers temporarily called there. The price of a White Mountain farm is about \$2,500, although some of the recent hotel sites have cost from \$400 to \$600 an acre. The narrow gauge railroad to Bethlehem and the Profile pays 10 per cent and the Mount Washington cog-wheel railroad more.

I saw the washed out Flume last Sunday, with a label on the big boulder that was carried a quarter of a mile down the funnel. The Flume is not destroyed, but dilaged and the loot in the shape of broken trees and everns acres of enormous stones, is scattered over broad telds created below where till recently stood thick woods. Here we see that the geologists do not overstate things when they ascribe the washing down of the mountains to meteoric storms, though they may overstate the time required to change the world from granite to gravel. The great rain-burst pouring through the there like a hydraulic hose and nozzle on a California gravel bluff. The stones as big as a buggy were driven out like bits of coal from a breaker at the mine or chaft from a threshing machine. The Flume Park people are now completing their galleries of wood again but the waterfall at the head of the gorge is turned sidewise like an eye knocked out of a man's eye-socket and suspended on the side of his cheek. "There are seven of us," said the waiter to me at the

Profile House. These familiar words of Wordsworth struck me queerly and for a moment I did not look up. It might have been the band of robbers who robbed the stage passengers last summer. "Seven of us," I mused; " what chance has one among seven ! Such at as rological number, too! . . . You are seven," I finally said, turning my head slightly to see if his weapon was cocked. "Yes," he replied, sweetly, "seven of us Harvard students." The mystery was solved. "Do you ever," I asked, "involuntarily 'hie-haec-hoe' when a Harvard professor sits to dinner ! " "We do," he answered, softly; " that is, when we-hic-have been asked to drink-hock." The idea was delicately conveyed. "Hack!" I coughed, " take this unfortunate trade dollar and treat the seven. You might be worse employed, as for instance driving a Tally-Ho ceach for a similar tip. "Hi! hae! hake!" spoke the son of Harvard, guardedly, and meekly resumed his position with his hands at the smull of his back.

Lizzle was her name. She taught a school and waited on the table. I felt like holding up my hand when I If to say: "Teacher, may I say something !" Her black hair fell in the carls of lang syne, corkscrew the cynics | come to the present rapture. The first thing we knew call them, but there, as in other things, she was a reminand separate and sharing in every laugh and waving soul with dreams he scarcely comprehended, like the making zephyrs toward the mystic bells of mournful petals striking in the amorous wind. irchins in those days felt the first instincts of love, not from the unformed hoydens around him, but from the mistress's ample charms! "Lizzie," said I, as I sat at the table end and took the bill of fare, " is it not true that intelligence greatly increases the productive capacity of labor, !" a" Forty per cent," she recited, like one prepared to go up to a higher grade. "Then, Lizzie, see that you get me three boiled eggs instead of two and a proportionately larger piece of the beef; for, Lizzie, they

In Boston there is a story that the steamer Pilgrim outli by John Roach, and advertised to have cost on million dollars, really cost over twelve hundred thousand given without much authority that in her estimates or calculations there were errors. The Fall River Line pays 612 per cent per annum, like the Old Colony Rallroad, of which it is an appendage.

"A general ticket agent in New-England," said Mr. E. L. Robbins, of Boston, to me, " has a vastly different work to do from a general ticket agent out West. The Boston and Albany Railroad brought one of the best men of this class from Chicago, but soon found larger use for him in another field. A Western railroad like he Wabash will run half a dozen passenger trains a day with stops every twenty-five miles over two thousand miles of trunk. An Eastern rairoad like the Old Colony will run five hundred trains aday over three or four hundred miles of road, none of which is trunk but all or nearly all will be branches. His business is to secure profitable results in the passenger service, to make the rates so as to draw the public jet pay the company. In summer he becomes a vast excursion agent here, requiring to be as considerate about resorts five miles from Boston as about tickets for the most distant points. life of a New-England railroad is its local business even upon our richest railroad, the Boston and Albany, which derives its best returns from the way business from Boston to Springfield." "Who is at the head of the general ticket agents in New-England I" I asked, "The president of the National Association is Lucius Puttle, of the Eastern Railroad, whom we think to be the rising man of that service, in this quarter at least. the Eastern Railroad to be consolidated with the Boston and Maine I" "No; as a stock jobbing transaction to raise the price of the bonds, two of the largest operators in the stock, under a permissive law, forced a vote to consolidate. But the measure did not produce the results expected on the stock market and legislative and legal interference will put off the consolidation for years. The decision made in Ohio is held to be a sound one in New-England, that the consolidation of parallel lines

A supject of considerable comment in New-England is the subsidizing of a short railroad from Montpeller, Vt., to the Connecticut River by larger corporations, not to connect its trains, which have heretofore carried aratoga passengers to the White Mountains in reason-ble time. The dividends of the road are guaranteed able time. that it may harass and disappoint an inoffensive public and force them around by obsolete or tortuous routes and thus pervert the common carrier to be the common brother.

It seems to be understood in Massachusetts that if Butler runs again he will be disappointed. Sensations will run out.

I was talking on the Fall River boat last Monday with an intelligent Minnesota man not unknown to politics, who said: "Mr. Windom has gone or is about to sail for Mexico to take control of the new railroad from the west coast connecting with the Northern lines. The sudden

Dunnell. In the latter error his wife played a part. She meing that he would run against her husband. There the big house stood in Windom's way! Mr. Windom's friends said: ' Let Dunnell go to Congress. How can it barm you ?' But Windom was bound to punish Dunnell and did defeat him for the lower branch of Congress; yet, as Bardwell Slote has said, 'Even the dodo can arise and sting,' and Dunnell's friends threw Windom out of the Senate, breaking up the basket containing his one egg for President. The argument was that Windom had been beguiled by Conkling's flattery to defeat Mr. Blaine at Chicago, and that he was trying to be the Conkling of the West." "About whom are the Minnesotans talking for President ?" "If it's to be any Minnesota man, Ramsay. Some are discussing David Davis. General Sherman is considered a striking candidate by some. I think Senator Miller, of California, would recover the Pacific States for us and do as well as anybody. McDonald has got the Democratic call today.

A philosophic person told me this story during the week: "'They that take up the sword shall perish by the sword.' These words I have had occasion to remember. About thirty years ago, when the slave interest was booming, and Pierce had just beaten Scott for President, a lady came to see my mother, who was the ormer's aunt, and she had a guitar on which she played and sang the complet:

Hurral for Pierce and King!

That ticket is just the thing.

Not long afterward there was a fight in the vicinity of

our house, and one of the parties to it came home with a fresh scratch on his face, at which the aunt remarked Where did you get that scratch ? The other party to the conference hastened to say that there had been a fight down at the shore, and he had come off victor, the scratch being merely incidental. 'Very well,' replied the aunt, 'I will settle with you at an early opportunity.' Amidst the gloom naturally following this slight remark, a sound was heard at the outer ward, of the youth who had come off second best, to say the least, in the controversy. The niece and the aunt went to the front door, and the youth expressed himself nearly as follows: 'Miss Jones, my mother sent me here to know whether your Tom can lick me whenever he wants to. 'No, Joseph,' said the matron; 'return to your mother and say that Thomas shall be settled with early, if not Hereupon the niece, who was a married woman often.' with children, spoke up: 'Aunt Kate, I think that boy out there is a coward, and I should not correct my son on his complaint, but, upon the centrary, should have my son go out and demonstrate what a wretched chap he is, as well as the character of his mother who would send him here to make a complaint.' The elderly lady observed to this: 'Never mind, Catherine! We don't settle things in that way in this latitude.' Thereupon Catherine said: 'I have a son in Arkansas who whipped by a boy at school, and I said to my son: Never come back to this house until you whip that boy!" It took my son three encounters to reduce the bigger boy, but he did it at last; and, Aunt Kate, that is the way to bring up your son.' 'Never mind,' said the matron; and at the appointed time she made her appearance unexpectedly, when the youth had stripped himself for sleep, and after a brief but vigorous engage-ment her promise was fulfilled, not exactly to the letter. but to the punctuation. Now mark the sequel! In the lapse of ten years the boy who had been punished for fighting "nade a visit to that State from which his combative cousin had come. He looked in vain for her tombstone or that of her fierce husband, who had been a In the march of events both had been driven out of their sovereignty to another one, and died-perhaps of chagrin. Their children were unhappy widows eeking, from the very Government their father had attacked, subsistence. Not a vestige was left of the resenting family, while every member of the family where the chastisement occurred died a natural death, at the end of a long caresr. 'They that take up the sword shall perish by the sword.'" A lady from New-York, Mrs. John Straiton, who is

Europe, sends me a description of the midnight sun, from which I take some sentences. Her letter is dated Ten miuntes past midnight, June 13," and it commences: "I have just descended from the steamer's bridge, and had the inexpressible pleasure of witnessing the wonderful sight of the midnight sun, which now, nearly at 1 o'clock, is shining so brightly that I cannot gaze upon it with the naked eye. It has not been lost or obscured for a single moment, and at half past 11, when I came on deck, little birds were skimming the surface of the water, and larger ones were searing high in the bright blue sky; and great mountains and glaciers were around me on every side, except one side, where the Arotic Ocean was lying open and tranquil under bleze of light, with a gentle breeze just rippling its surface. My imagination could hardly realize that it was the middle of the night, with life all around me, and the half-bewildered passengers, unable to seek their beds, sleep being banished in the excitement of the phenomenon; yet no one seemed to feel the want of sleep, there being an invigorating something in the pure atmosphere The familiar gesture of the passengers is to take out their watches. Almost everybody is sleepy, but the prevaling impression is that it is midday and not midnight; everybody has been anticipating this glorious wanted beans, so strong had been early associations, as sight, and though the elements proved contrary and clouds and rains made all gloomy, we have suddenly was two rainbows encircling the sky at 3 in the afterwe had to use colored giasses over our eyes, of red and green. Under that sun the lofty snow-crowned peaks were seen to stretch away miles in the distance, and glaciers upon them reaching half-way down; and at their base in the flords were fishermen's huts hardly distinguishable from the rocks; moss on the mountains ometimes made a sharp centrast with the glaciers. The mountains were more than 4,000 feet high, and cascades rushed down their slopes to the waters, flash ing in the midnight sun. This sun seemed to look down with majestic grandeur upon the noble mountains, most of which gave birth to cascades slowly trickling down from the melted snows; and here and there is an amphitheatre of mountains disappearing in the exquisite distance, and while our steamer glides along, peak after peak raises its head to welcome us.

> I see that President Arthur has been complimenting Mrs. Cake and her daughter Mary, of Cape May. Mrs. Cake was the daughter of the first man who established at Cape May a comfortable inn. She was a beautiful girl, of large stature, and probably of Quaker stock. There went down from Camden, N. J., to look after the horses, and he made his impression upon the proprietor's daughter. They were married, and for a number of years success attended them. Reaching out from Cape May to distant cities, the bridegroom came upon unhappy times and lost his profits, which had frequently amounted to \$50,000 a year. His daughter, who had frequently been solicited in marriage by men of fortune, resolved to stand by her parents, and she voluntarily assisted her mother to keep the Morgan residence in Washington, going to market like an independent girl. The President has given the touch of nature by his thoughtful consideration of these ladies on his visit to Cape May.

During the past week I have been in Montreal, passing over the Portland and Ogdensburg Ratiroad, which at present branches off at St. Johnsbury and runs along the side of Lake Memphremagog and then darts through a cleft of the Green Mountains, as it has previously passed through the Crawford Notch of the White Mountains. Leaving the White Mountains about 1 o'clock p.m. I was in Montreal at half-past 8, and stopped at the Windsor, a hotel built, I suspect, beyond the requirenents of that provincial city, and in much a copy of the Palmer House in Chicago. None of our hotels more area on the office and the dining-room floors. Canada is a provincial copy of the United States in all but two respects: Its Gallie population and its priests. In every possible vista of Montreal at least one priest is he does not wear the mild canonicals of the American priests, who are in most respects Americans with us, their distant allegiance being only skin deep. The Canadian priests have gowns which reach down to their feet, and they are unctuous and delightful beyond d scription.

dedicated to the Immaculate Conception and Our Lady of Lourdes. At the altar, standing on artificial clouds, was a beautiful millinered virgin, on whom fell a lamp flash from some place above. Near her feet knelt the peasant girl of Lourdes who saw this virgin in the flesh and whose testimony was accepted unqualifiedly. The ceilings were profusely painted with the story of woman from forethought to afterthought. Old Adam was seen blushing in her new presence. Moses himself seemed to blush as he descried her. Yet when I left the enurch I thought my Catholic driver, who was Irish, seemed to have a touch of scepticism about him. After hearing us praise what we did not understand, very profusely, he remarked: "I guess we have enough of thim French! They is very nice people, but I guess we have enough of thim in Canada for the present."

I went to see the new chapel or church in Montreal

The remarks of the Irish servant, until he has become pretty well Americanized, are to be taken with caution; but my waiter at the Windsor said: "Sir, this house termination of his political career is due to two mistakes: doing poorly compared with what it used to. The tariff indulging the residential suggestion and making war on they have put up here to protect Canadian manufac-

used to come down the St. Lowre ers and spend \$200 for the sensation of the States a \$5 lace collar. The boats the St. Lawrence River are all behind the t smell-!" Here he raised his hands, and after resumed: "Do you suppose, sir, Canadians will p day at a hotel t Why, no! They look upon the icans as aristocratic fools for doing it. Your Ca comes down to St. Lawrence Hall, or to the Ri House. This great hotel was built for America the tariff and the want of interest in Canada have suaded them from coming here. There are no a within half s mile. Southgate was an American, they gave him \$5,000 a year to keep this place, understand, sir, that he left because his pay was down. The present proprietor was grad Pullman car, and gets \$50 a week."

Although my time in Canada was short I nec had to open my eyes, not exactly to keep out the dust which seemed ubiquitous, but to see whence it was com-ing. The one work of Canada which I admired was the canal. Take away from Montreal its connection with canal. Take away from Montreal its connection with the American West and 'it becomes a poor offshoot city like the Quebec. The genius of Canada unquestionably lies in its Federal or Governmental power, which has first judic and now has widened these beautiful canals so that they carry to Chicago and the Northwest very large steamers, and though I did not measure the look at Montreal it seemed to me to be about 300 feet long. That join your counts in a nonplication of 200,000, through its connow contains a population of 200,000, through its onection with the American West, and unless I am mu mistaken it must seek its future outlet through American New-England. The railroad systems of Montre are all gravitating toward Boston. They are only dis-tant from Bosson a few hundred miles, and from the sea by water a thousand miles; and nearly half the year than sea is frozen fast.

It is impossible not to like the Canadians. They are in hardly any respect like the English, and yet differ enough from the Americans to make them an element of repese in the mind of the stranger; they are polite and considerate people. They like the Americans better than they know. Yet the time has almost passed when the Americans desire the Canadians to become their fellow-citizens. It was the clerical element in Canada which severed our early connection; although we sent Bishop Carroll to Canada with his cousin and Mr. Franklin, he was only half-hearted, having himself been a graduate of the very institutions which give tone to Canada at the present day. Franklin was too sensible to make an impression on a population begotten not far from the time of Don Quixote. The bright, practical views failing from his lips nearly paralyzed the scions of the age of Louis XIV. The priests remarked that the souls of all their flocks would be lost by a very little contact with such a natural philosopher as Franklin, so they kept the souls of their flocks, and lost their political destiny.

HOW CASTS ARE TAKEN.

THE WORK OF AN ARTIST IN PLASTER. In the midst of the bustle of Grand-st., just

east of Broadway, stands a plain-looking, three-story building, No. 143. Surrounded by an atmosphere of restless business activity, it nevertheless has the appearance within of a veritable abode of silence. None of the hurrying passers by would suspect that its from wall hides from view a "city of the dead," the miniature streets of which are lined with the forms of many who have gone over to the great majority. It may be entered without dismay, however, for its "sheeted dead" are but plaster-casts, quite unable to "squeak and gibber," though many have indeed a "speaking" likeness. Here may be found the gods and goddesses, the emperors, generals, statesmen and authors of the ancient world, and famed ones of the modern world as well. In the constructive economy of this museum the distincti easte observed in the outside world are no longer found. On the same shelf are the "Ox-eyed Juno, Queen of Heaven" and the "Greek Slave", Jupiter Tonans and the "Supplicant Youth," Augustus and the "Dying travelling with one of her daughters in the North of Gladiator," Nero and St. Francis, the Madonna and Venus. Here Mercury is ever "new-lighted on a heaven kissing hill," there the berote Pallas Athene stands with upright spear, Diana the Chaste sgain starts for the chase, the Discobolus never quite lets go his quoit. On the extended arm of the Fighting Gladlator the blow is ever coming as of old. About are scattered relievos of fruits, flowers and leaves; animal forms and heads are jumbled together in a happy family; prizes, medallious, vases, pedestals and brackets fill up the interstices. One feature of the collection, the fractions of the human body, suggested the following conversation between a TRIBUNE reporter and the proprietor, C. Ginocchio.

" Does any one ever come here to have a cast made of an arm or hand or a leg ! and what is the process and time taken !"

"We have frequent calls for casts of hands; not st much for arms and legs. The casting varies in regard to the time, a leg or an arm taking much longer, of course, than a foot or a hand. The process, however, is the same in all these cases. First, the hand is covered with plaster from an inch to an inch and a balf thick. We wait till this settles and grows lukewarm, perhaps twenty minutes in the case of a hand. Then with a string the plaster is cut into sections and removed. It is now put together again, the maide hollow having the exact shape, lines and thickness of that part of the body to which the plaster was applied. This hollow is next washed with oil, because we are now to fill it with plasscence of thirty years ago, when curls of that form, long | noon, and then the blue vault; of heaven appeared and | ter, and this must not be allowed to stick (as it would the mould, thus filled, is laid away, for five hours or so the mound, thus filled, is laid away, for five hours or so in the case of a hand. Afterward, the workman chiscia away the outside plaster, working down to the hand formed within. This of course requires care and delicacy lest the inside hand be cut. The chiseling takes a half a day, and the whole operation consumes a day. Two days are required for a leg or an arm."

"For what purpose," asked the reporter, "are these casts generally made it"
"For personal gratification or for a leg or an arm."

"For personal gratification, or for surgical operations —a surgeon frequently finding a cast of a distorted or diseased limb, useful for study before the operation is performed. Also, you know, art schools need them for anatomical study. A cast is copied in marble some-

anatomical study. A cast is copied in marble some-times."

Is the mask of the human face ever taken from life i"

"Yes, it is done. We have taken such a mask several times, toough we dislike it and will probably refuse to do so again. The plaster is put on in three sections separately, the space around the mouth forming one section, and a line reaching from the centre of the fore-head down to the tip of the nose dividing the rest of the face into two sections. A small pipe is passed through to the nostril for breathing purposes. The plaster is likely to stuck to any hairs on the face and hurts a deli-cate skin. Our charge for this cast is over eight times as much as for a hand, so you see that we regard it as a matter requiring great care."

"I suppose you are called upon to make masks of dead men's faces i"

men's faces i"
"Yes, and busts, too. The cost of these is rather high;
\$15 for the mask and \$50 for the bust, but we have had
a number of calls in that department of our work. Thus
operation requires more time than others, a half day
being needed for applying and removing the plaster, and
then three days more for the mask and a week for the
bust."

' Are there ever cases of 'monstrosities' applying for "Are there ever cases of instantiants and casts of themselves it"
"Well, I don't know that you would call this a case of monatrosity, but one woman recently had a leg taken in plaster just above the knee which measured twenty-two inches. It was to be put in a show-case, she said."

SPECULATORS AND THE BOX OFFICE.

HOW THEATRE TREASURERS OFTEN PROFIT ILLE-GITIMATELY. "You've no idea of the ways employed by

ticket speculators and outside ticket-sellers to corrupt the treasurers of theatres in the box-offices," said an old New-York manager the other day. He was asked to explain these nefarious methods.

"In the first place," he said, "you must understand that the man in the box-office has it in his power to do the speculators favors by which their profits are materially increased. At hotels, and other outside places where seats may be secured, the transurer can favor them by reserving more seats for them than they are entitled to, thus leaving the box sheet at the ticket office short of desirable seats in case of a large sale. Then, if the hotel has only sold a part of the seats reserved for its use, the treasurer can take these seats back and no one is the wiser, although the theatre may have lost the sale of several dollars worth. In dealing with speculators, also, the favoritism may take the form of letting the curbstone agents have a lot of the choicest seals, so that late-comers have to buy of the speculator at an advance over the regular price. All this is money in the speculator's pocket. In case the speculator is 'stuck' the treasurer can help bim out by taking back unsold tickets. There are no end of fine points in the scheme

by which the treasurer can help the outside ticket-seller to the pecuniary disadvantage of the theatre."
"And where does the treasurer come in for his share

of the profit ?" "In a score of ways. Perhaps it comes in the shape of a basket of champagne and a box of cigars, possibly in an invitation to go to the speculator's tailor and order a suit of clothes for which he is never called on to pay. At holiday time which he is never called on to pay. At holiday time there are likely to be presents of valuable rings, scarfpins, or something of the sort. In some cases there is a cash percentage received by the treasurer. There is not a man in a New-York box-office who is not approached in one way or another, and too many of them yield to the temptations offered. There should be a law in this State, as in Fennsylvania, which would do away with the ticket speculators. The next best plan is that adopted at Daly's and the Madison Square. Daly hires his own speculator, and at the Madison Square one man from Tyson's is authorized to sell outside the door, and that reduces the annoyance to a minimum."